

# ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY  
**MEREDITH  
NICHOLSON**  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
**RAY WALTERS**  
COPYRIGHT 1907 BY BOBBS-MERRILL CO.



## SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were interested in the case of Laurance Donovan, a writer, numbering near Fort Annapolis. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her. Donovan discussed and captured an intruder, who proved to be Beatrice Gillespie, editor for the time of Helen. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father most on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Harry, a circus-maker. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Beatrice Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. At the town pasture Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft for her father into the hand of the Italian sailor. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe, where Helen was thought to have been at home. Gillespie admitted giving Helen \$5000 for her father, who had then left to spend it. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the night. She told him Gillespie was nothing to her. He confessed his love for her. Donovan found Gillespie, and she was bound in a cabin, inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook. He released her. Both Gillespie and Donovan admitted love for Helen. Calling herself Rosalind, a "voice" appealed to Donovan for help. She told him to go to the circus-maker's home and see that no injury befell him. He went to Red Gate. At the circus-maker's home, Donovan found the brothers—Arthur and Henry Holbrook—who had fought each other in consultation. "Rosalind" appeared. Arthur averted a murder.

## CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"I am grateful to you. Please turn all your trouble over to me."  
"You did what I asked you to do," she said, "when I had no right to ask, but I was afraid of what might happen here. It is all right now and we are going away; we must leave this place."  
"But I shall see you again."  
"No! You have—you have—Helen. You don't know me at all! You will find your mistake to-morrow."  
She was urging me toward the steps that led up to the house. The sob was still in her throat, but she was laughing, a little hysterically, in her relief that her father had come off unscathed.  
"Then you must let me find it out to-morrow; I will come to-morrow before you go."  
"No! No! This is good-by," she said. "You would not be so unkind as to stay, when I am so troubled, and there is so much to do!"  
We were at the foot of the stairway, and I heard the shop door snap shut.  
"Good-night, Rosalind!"  
"Good-by; and thank you!" she whispered.

## CHAPTER XVII.

**How the Night Ended.**  
As my horse whinnied and I turned into the wood a man walked boldly toward me.  
"My dear Donovan, I have been consulting your horse during your absence. It's a bad habit we have fallen into of wandering about at night. I liked your dinner, but you were rather too anxious to get rid of me. I came by boat myself!"  
Gillespie knocked the ashes from his pipe and thrust it into his pocket. I was in no frame of mind for talk with him, a fact which he seemed to surmise.  
"It's late, for a fact," he continued, "and we both ought to be in bed; but our various affairs require diligence."  
"What are you doing over here?" I demanded.  
"Well, to tell the truth—"  
"You'd better!"  
"To tell the truth, my dear Donovan, since I left your hospitable board I have been deeply perplexed over some important questions of human conduct. Are you interested in human types? Have you ever noticed the man who summons all porters and waiters by the pleasing name of George? The name in itself is respectable enough; nor is its generic use pernicious—a matter of taste only. But the same man may be identified otherwise by his proneness to consume the cabinet pudding, the chocolate ice-cream and the fruit in season from the chattering American bill of fare, after partaking impartially of the preliminary fish, flesh and fowl. He is incidental with hotel clerks, affectionate with chambermaids and all telephone girls are Nellie to him. Types, my dear Donovan—"  
"That's enough! I want to know what you are doing!" and in my anger I shook him by the shoulders.  
"Well, if you must have it, after I started to the village I changed my mind about going, and I was anxious to see whether Holbrook was really here; so I got a launch and came over. I stopped at the island but saw no one there, and I came up the creek until I grounded; then I struck inland, looking for the road. It might save us both embarrassment, Irishman, if we give notice of each other's intentions, particularly at night. I hung about, thinking you might appear, and—"  
"You are a poor liar, Buttons. You didn't come here alone!"—and I drove my weary wits hard in an effort to account for his unexpected appearance.  
"All is lost; I am discovered," he chuckled.  
He had himself freed my horse; I



"What Are You Doing Over Here?" I Demanded.

now took the rein and refastened it to the tree.  
"Well, inexplicable Donovan!"  
I laughed, pleased to find that my delay annoyed him. I was confident that he was not abroad at this hour for nothing, and it again occurred to me that we were on different sides of the matter. My weariness fell from me like a cloak, as the events of the past hour flashed fresh in my mind.  
"Now," I said, dropping the rein and putting the horse's nose for a moment, "you may go with me or you may sit here; but if you would avoid trouble don't try to interfere with me."  
I did not doubt that he had been sent to watch me; and his immediate purpose seemed to be to detain me.  
"I had hoped you would sit down and talk over the Monroe Doctrine, or the partition of Africa, or something equally interesting," he remarked. "You disappoint me, my dear benefactor."  
"And you make me very tired at the end of a tiresome day, Gillespie. Please continue to watch my horse; I'm off."  
He kept at my elbow, as I expected he would, babbling away with his usual volubility in an effort, now frank enough, to hold me back; but I ignored his talk and plunged on through the wood toward the creek. Henry Holbrook must, I argued, have had time enough to get out of the creek and back to the island; but what mischief Gillespie was furthering in his behalf I could not imagine.  
There was a gradual rise toward the creek and we were obliged to cling to the bushes in making our ascent. Suddenly, as I paused for breath, Gillespie grasped my arm.  
"For God's sake, stop! This is no affair of yours. On my honor there's nothing that affects you here."  
"I will see whether there is or not!" I exclaimed, throwing him off, but he kept close beside me.  
We gained the trail that ran along the creek, and I paused to listen.  
"Where's your launch?"  
"Find it," he replied, succinctly.  
I had my bearings pretty well, and set off toward the lake, Gillespie trudging behind in the narrow path. When we had gone about 20 yards a lantern glimmered below and I heard voices raised in excited colloquy. Gillespie started forward at a run.  
"Keep back! This is my affair!"  
"I'm making it mine," I replied, and flung in ahead of him.  
I ran forward rapidly, the voices growing louder, and soon heard men stumbling and falling about in conflict. A woman's voice now rose in a sharp cry:  
"Let go of him! Let go of him!"  
Gillespie flashed by me down the bank to the water's edge, where the struggle ended abruptly. I was not far behind, and I saw Henry Holbrook in the grasp of the Italian, who was explaining to the woman, who held the lantern high above her head, that he was only protecting himself. Gillespie had caught hold of the sailor, who continued to protest his innocence of any wish to injure Holbrook; and for a moment we peered through the dark, taking account of one another.  
"So it's you, is it?" said Henry Holbrook as the Italian freed him and his eyes fell on me. "I should like to know what you mean by meddling in my affairs. By God, I've enough to do with my own flesh and blood without dealing with outsiders."

Helen Holbrook turned swiftly and held the lantern toward me, and when she saw me shrugged her shoulders.  
"You really give yourself a great deal of unnecessary concern, Mr. Donovan."  
"You are a damned impudent meddler!" blurted Henry Holbrook. "I have had you watched. You—you—"  
He darted toward me, but the Italian again caught and held him, and another altercation began between them. Holbrook was wrought to a high pitch of excitement and cursed everybody who had in any way interfered with him.  
"Come, Helen," said Gillespie, stopping to the girl's side; and at this Henry Holbrook turned upon him viciously.  
"You are another meddling outsider. Your father was a pig—a pig, do you understand? If it hadn't been for him I shouldn't be here to-night, camping out like an outlaw. And you've got to stop annoying my daughter!"  
Helen turned to the Italian and spoke to him rapidly in his own tongue.  
"You must take him away. He is not himself. Tell him I have done the best I could. Tell him—"  
She lowered her voice so that I heard no more. Holbrook was still heaping abuse upon Gillespie, who stood submissively by; but Helen ran up the bank, the lantern light flashing eagerly about her.  
The Italian drew Holbrook toward the boat that lay at the edge of the lake. He seemed to forget me in his anger against Gillespie, and he kept turning toward the path down which the girl's lantern faintly twinkled. Gillespie kept on after the girl, the lantern flashing more rarely through the trees in the path, until I caught the thrashing of his launch as it swung out into the lake.  
I drew back, seeing nothing to gain by appealing to Holbrook in his present overwrought state. The Italian had his hands full, and was glad, I judged, to let me alone. A moment later he had pushed off his boat, and I heard the sound of oars receding toward the island.  
I found my horse, led him deeper into the wood and threw off the saddle. Then I walked down the road until I found a barn, and crawled into the loft and slept.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### The Lady of the White Butterflies.

The twitter of swallows in the eaves wakened me to the first light of day, and after I had taken a dip in the creek I still seemed to be sole proprietor of the world, so quiet lay field and woodland. I followed the lake shore to a fishermen's camp, where in the good comradeship of outdoor men the world over I got bread and coffee and no questions asked. I smoked a pipe with the fishermen to kill time, and it was still but a trifle after six o'clock when I started for Red Gate. A line of sycamores 200 yards to my right marked the bed of the Tippecanoe; and on my left hand, beyond a walnut grove, a little filmy dust-cloud hung above the hidden highway. I thrust my cap into my jacket pocket and stood watching the wind crisp the flowers. Then my attention wandered to the mad antics of a squirrel that ran along the fence.

When I turned to the field again I saw Rosalind coming toward me along the path, clad in white, hatless, and her hands lightly brushing the lush grass that seemed to leap up to touch them. She had not seen me, and I drew back a little for love of the picture she made.

She paused abruptly midway of the daisies, and I walked toward her slowly—it must have been slowly—and I think we were both glad of a moment's respite in which to study each other. Then she spoke at once, as though our meeting had been prearranged.

"I hoped I should see you," she said, gravely.  
"I had every intention of seeing you! I was killing time until I felt I might decently hit the latch of Red Gate."  
She inspected me with her hands clasped behind her.

"Please don't look at me like that!" I laughed. "I camped in a barn last night for fear I shouldn't get here in time."  
"I wish to speak to you for a few minutes—to tell you what you may have guessed about us—my father and me."  
"Yes; if you like; but only to help you if I can. It is not necessary for you to tell me anything."  
She turned and led the way across the daisy field. She walked swiftly, holding back her skirts from the crowding flowers, traversed the garden of Red Gate, and continued down to the houseboat.

"We can be quiet here," she said, throwing open the door. "My father is at Tippecanoe village, shipping one of his canoes. We are early risers, you see?"  
She grew grave again.

"I have important things to say to you, but it's just as well for you to see me in the broadest of daylight, so that"—she pondered a moment, as though to be sure of expressing herself clearly—"so that when you see Helen Holbrook in an hour or so in that pretty garden by the lake you will understand that it was not really Rosalind after all that—that—amused you!"

"But the daylight is not helping that idea. You are marvelously alike, and yet—I floundered miserably in my uncertainty."  
"Then—and she stilled at my discomfiture, "if you can't tell us apart, it makes no difference whether you ever see me again or not. You see, Mr.—but did you ever tell me what your name is? Well, I know it, anyhow, Mr. Donovan."  
The little work-table was between us, and on it lay the foil which her father had snatched from the wall the night before. I still stood, gazing down at Rosalind. Fashion, I saw, had done something for the amazing resemblance. She wore her hair in the pompadour of the day, with exactly Helen's sweep; and her white gown was identical with that worn that year by thousands of young women. She had even the same gestures, the same little way of resting her cheek against her hand that Helen had; and before she spoke she moved her head a trifle to one side, with a pretty suggestion of just having been startled from a reverie, that was Helen's trick precisely.

She forgot for a moment our serious affairs, to which I was not in the least anxious to turn, in her amusement at my perplexity.  
"It must be even more extraordinary than I imagined. I have not seen Helen for seven years. She is my cousin; and when we were children together at Stamford our mothers used to dress us alike to further the resemblance. Our mothers, you may not know, were not only sisters; they were twin sisters! But Helen is, I think, a trifle taller than I am. This little mark"—she touched the peak—"is really very curious. But our mothers and our grandmothers had it. And you see that I speak a little more rapidly than she does—at least that used to be the case. I don't know my grown-up cousin at all. We probably have different tastes, temperaments, and all that."

"I am positive of it!" I exclaimed; yet I was really sure of nothing, save that I was talking to an exceedingly pretty girl, who was amazingly like another very pretty girl whom I knew much better.  
"You are her guardian, so to speak, Mr. Donovan. You are taking care of my Aunt Pat and my cousin. Just how that came about I don't know."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Emolument of Physicians.**  
Remuneration of physicians originally consisted in presents, but at the time of Hippocrates payment in money was already customary. Physicians received also public praise, the "crown of honor," the freedom of the city, the privilege of eating at the king's table. Physicians employed by the state received a yearly salary, as high as \$2,000 in some instances. Rich people would pay enormous sums for a successful treatment, and a case is recorded in which \$200,000 was paid.

## ONLY NECESSARY TO TREAT STOMACH, SAYS COOPER

The new theory advanced by L. T. Cooper relative to the human stomach has attracted such widespread attention that the public in cities visited by the young man has been joined by many physicians in a discussion of his beliefs and medicines.

Mr. Cooper says human health is dependent almost entirely upon the stomach. He says that no disease can be conquered without first alleviating all stomach disorders. He further says that most men and women of this generation are half-sick owing to degenerate stomachs. And lastly, he claims that his New Discovery medicine will rejuvenate the human stomach in 90 days.

Cooper has been traveling from one city to another, conducting in each what he calls a campaign of education. For the past year he has met the public in the larger cities of the country, and his success has been phenomenal. Thousands of people have flocked to his headquarters wherever he has gone, and the sale of his medicine has been beyond anything of the kind ever before witnessed.

Possibly the most interesting feature of the attention this young man has attracted is what his army of followers, whom he has converted to his beliefs through his medicines, have to say on the subject. The following statements are from two well-known residents of Chicago and Boston, respectively, and the enthusiasm of these is characteristic of Cooper's admirers generally.

Mrs. H. B. Mack, of 3261 State street, Chicago, says: "I have been suffering for 12 years from a combination of stomach trouble, catarrh and constipation. I had a gnawing pain in the pit of my stomach, a sort of a dull pain that I could not quite understand. Then there was a dull headache, and my mind seemed to be wandering continually. I could not eat, and what little solid food I did eat I could not retain on my stomach. I tried every remedy I could think of, and also tried out a number of patent medicines, but without any apparent result. It was through one of my friends that I heard of Cooper's preparation, and I immediately decided to try some of it. It is two weeks since I took my first dose of it, and I feel like a new woman. The headache seems to have disappeared, and the pain in my stomach, along with it. The medicine is worth its weight in gold, and I want to thank Mr. Cooper for what he has done for me."

Mr. Edwin F. Morse, of 20 Oakley street, Dorchester, a suburb of Boston, says: "For three years I had not a well day. My stomach was in frightful shape; the mere thought of food would nauseate me, and I really had a horror of anything to eat. All solid food would cause me extreme indigestion, bloating and gas on my stomach, and nothing tasted right. Some time ago I got some of this Cooper's medicine, about which there is so much talk. I actually feel as well and strong as a boy ever since the first bottle. Every sign of stomach trouble has disappeared, and I have a hearty appetite and eat three square meals; everything seems to taste good. Anyone who knows what chronic indigestion is can appreciate what this means to me. I consider this the most remarkable medicine I ever heard of."

Cooper's New Discovery is sold by all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, we will forward you the name of a druggist in your city who will. Don't accept "something just as good."—The Cooper Medicine Co., Dayton, Ohio.

Many a saint would have less trouble wrestling with the devil if he would get out and wrestle with a ball for an hour or two.

**Beautiful Post Cards Free.**  
Send 4c stamps for five samples of our very best Gold and Silk Finish Birthdays, Flowers and Motto Post Cards, beautiful colors and tasteful designs. Art Post Card Club, 72 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

Crosses are of no use to us, but in as much as we yield ourselves up to them and forget ourselves.—Fenelon

## Common Sense

Leads the most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle-wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. No Secrets. No Deception.

The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody, Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the search light of investigation turned fully upon his formulae, being confident that the better the composition of these medicines is known the more will their great curative merits be recognized.

Being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs. Examine the formula on their bottle-wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great every-ingredient entering into them upon the bottle-wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. No Secrets. No Deception.

What She Ought to Buy.  
She—Speaking correctly, John, should I say "I will have a new bonnet," or "I shall have a new bonnet?"  
He—Speaking correctly, absolutely correctly, my love, you should say, "I won't have a new bonnet."—Illustrated Bits.

**FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS**  
PATENT MEDICINE guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c

Many a man's good reputation is due to what isn't found out about him.

**ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM**  
has been used successfully for years for deep-seated coughs, colds and bronchitis. Everybody should know about it. It is simple, safe and sure.

It is easy to see the silver lining of other people's clouds.

There are imitations, don't be fooled. Ask for Lewis' Single Binder cigar for 5c.

Many a man has kicked himself out of a good job.



To know how good the Bitters is in cases of Sick Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Costiveness, Colds, Grippe and Malaria, it is only necessary to try one bottle. The results speak for themselves.

## Nebraska Directory

**JOHN DEERE PLOWS**  
ARE THE BEST  
ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER OR  
JOHN DEERE PLOW CO., OMAHA, NEB.

**WELDING (AUTO GENOS)**  
By this process all broken parts of machinery made good as new. Welds cast iron, cast steel, aluminum, copper, brass or any other metal. Expert automobile repairing. **BERTSCHY MOTOR CO., Council Bluffs.**

**TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES**  
Sold and repaired everywhere. Write for largest list. **B. F. SWANSON COMPANY, Inc.** Established 1904. 113 So. 13th St., Lincoln.

**HERBERT E. GOOCH CO.**  
BROKERS AND DEALERS  
Grain, Provisions, Stocks, Cotton  
Main Office, 204-205 Fraternity Bldg., Lincoln, Nebraska.  
Bell Phone 519. Auto Phone 3250.  
Largest House in State.

## Beatrice Creamery Co.

Pays the highest price for

## CREAM

**Keisters' Ladies Tailoring College**  
At 1540 S. St., Lincoln, Neb., Teaches Cutting, Fitting, Furnishing and Pressing of all garments thoroughly, at ridiculously low prices. Call or write for catalog. **MRS. BARBARA E. HAYS, MGR.**

General Machinists, Model Makers, Auto Repairing, Brass Castings.  
**T. J. THORP MACHINE COMPANY**  
Rubber Stamps, Stationery, Seal Trade Chalk, Badges, Etc.  
1028 M Street, Lincoln

**AIR COOLED ENGINE CASTINGS**  
We furnish complete castings and parts machined or in the rough for 35¢ motor. Will develop 2 horse-power. **BERTSCHY MOTOR CO., Council Bluffs, Iowa.**



Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle-wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. No Secrets. No Deception.